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EVENING WORLD "SENSATIONS"
Mr. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, cured at the
probable passage of the Children's bill, ac-
cuses THE EVENING WORLD of being "sen-
sational."

Well, THE EVENING WORLD did get up a
"sensation" about that exiled orphan,
JOHN SHEPARD. And he was returned to
his friends!

THE EVENING WORLD aroused another
"sensation" about the atrocious abduction
of little TINA WEISS. And she, too, was re-
turned to her parents!

As memory serves us, THE EVENING WORLD
made another "sensation" about the closing
of Stuyvesant Park. And the gates of the
people's property were opened to the people!

THE EVENING WORLD also furnished some
"sensational" facts about the Twenty-third
street boat. And they have disappeared!

THE EVENING WORLD made another "sen-
sation" about the polio dealers, those mean-
est of gamblers. And several of them were
convicted!

THE EVENING WORLD "sensationally"
came to the rescue of FREDERICK WITTE, who,
under an unjust charge, was in danger of
being railroaded to prison. And he was
honorably discharged!

Oh, yes, THE EVENING WORLD has got up
a good many "sensations," too many to re-
count. But there seems to be a backbone to
them, and they have furthered the ends of
justice and pleased the common people.

Not least among EVENING WORLD so-called
"sensations" is the effort to secure justice
for parents and children, as embodied in the
Children's bill.

And Mr. GERRY will have a worse opinion
of THE EVENING WORLD than ever when the
end of this fight is reached!

SAVE THE POLO GROUNDS.
It is hoped that the Aldermanic Committee
will render a report favoring the retention of
the Polo Grounds for baseball purposes for
this season.

But no definite action has yet been taken,
and nothing is secure until secured.

That proportion of the property-owners
who want One Hundred and Eleventh street
graded through the field at once continue to
make the most vigorous efforts to attain their
purpose.

In the division of the property-owners over
this question the voice of the public should
have decisive weight. And THE EVENING
WORLD petition shows how the public feel.
Our mails are swamped with the signed peti-
tions. A large bundle of the petitions were
sent to the Aldermanic Committee this morn-
ing. And they are but the advance guard of
a big army.

Sign that petition and Save the Polo
Grounds!

A BUREAUCRATIC PROTEST.

ELBRIDGE T. GERRY has prostituted the
name of the worthy Society of which he is
President to an attack upon the motives
and methods of the supporters of the bill
giving a right of appeal to the Supreme
Court in cases of children committed to the
care of charitable societies by Police Jus-
tices.

Mr. GERRY's protest states that the bill
"emanates from a sensational newspaper,"
and adds that "the suggestion that the bill
has been prepared or is pressed at the
instance of Judges of the Supreme Court is
simply absurd."

It is to expose wrong, to champion the
cause of the weak and to serve the public
be "sensational." THE EVENING WORLD
would no doubt plead guilty. It has caused
a good many sensations in the interest of
the people and exposed the wrongs of many
more. THE EVENING WORLD discovered
an abuse and a danger under the existing
law. It compelled Mr. GERRY's Society to
return a child torn unjustly from the care
of parents who were shown to be both able
and fit guardians for her. And it called
public attention to the injury of a law by
which police magistrates can irrevocably
separate children from their parents with-
out the right of appeal.

The bill to allow appeal was drawn by an
eminent Judge of the Supreme Court. It
is supported by the overwhelming public
sentiment of this city. It is opposed only
by a few bureaucratic societies which draw
from the public treasury a per capita allow-
ance for every child they can seize and
intern. The more children the more
money. Mr. GERRY is lobbying to save
his percentages. He has brought to bear
secret political and religious influences in
a vain attempt to force Assemblymen to
abandon their championship of parents' and
children's rights. He will fail. Justice is
too strong for him.

Riker's Compound Sarsaparilla.
Is composed of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock,
Herb, Chamomile, Gentian, Licorice, Sassa-
parilla, and other pure and healthful ingre-
dients. It is a blood purifier and a tonic.
It is a Sarsaparilla of the highest quality,
and is the only one that is so pure and
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MODEL SCHOLARS.

Smart Boys and Girls Who Are the
Pride of Their Teachers.

Primary School No. 34's Prodigies In-
troduced to the Public.

Their Names, Their Years and Sketches
of Their Little Lives.

Among the thousands of little folks who at-
tend the primary departments of our public
schools it would be strange indeed if there
were not to be found a goodly number of
genuine infant prodigies.

THE EVENING WORLD has been looking into
the subject with a view of introducing to its
readers some of the brightest of these little
girls and boys, and has discovered so many
clever youngsters that to bring them all for-
ward to make their bow to the public would
be almost an impossible undertaking.

It has, however, determined to present
some of the most precocious scholars in each
of the primary schools, and begins to-day
with a choice and interesting selection from
Primary School No. 34, which is located in
Pearl street, near Beckman.

Miss C. C. Burke is the Principal, and the
roll of the school contains about two hun-
dred names.

The portraits of the children presented all
show bright and intelligent faces, and it is
not difficult to imagine that they possess all
the cleverness and promise attributed to them
by their teachers.

The first is Annie Dearden, who has been
attending the school since September, 1885,
when she entered the school at the age of
five years. She lives with her parents at 99
John street, and has always shown remark-
able aptness in her studies, having been
promoted regularly every year. Her bright
answers and original ideas have delighted
her teachers, who have named her a prodigy.
She is the smallest and most delicate-
looking scholar in the class. She is pre-
sented in remembrance of her.

Johnnie Delahanty, who is eight years old,
and lives at 13 Peck st., is the second, who
he deserves of mention in the first class.
He has come up from the first class in
May, 1888, when he entered the school, and
is described as a "wonder" of a child. He
is a precocious scholar. He learns very easily
and has already distinguished himself in his
studies. He is a very bright and intelligent
child, and is a great favorite of his teachers.

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PHILADELPHIA FAVORS IT.

SPORTS IN THAT CITY WANT THE \$1,000
CHAMPIONSHIP STAKE.

Kilrain During His Days as an Amateur
Oarsman—McAlister Refuses to Fight
for a \$2,000 Stake and \$1,500 Prize—
A New Amateur Contesting Club—Billy
Clancy Is Anxious to Meet Madden.

That \$1,000 championship stake rule will
have to be adopted sooner or later, and the
sooner the better. This is the verdict of all
the prominent sporting men. They say that
a stipulation requiring a champion to fight
when challenged for a \$1,000 stake, or forfeit
the championship, should be inserted in the
regulations governing the holding of the
championship bouts. By this means all quib-
ble and cavil would be avoided. The excuse of
the champions is that they would then have
to fight much oftener than they do now.
This is rather thin. If they do not want to
fight let them take up with some other trade.
Give the ones who do want to fight a chance.
Philadelphia sporting men's opinions are
voiced by the following representatives at
present in this city:

Walter Campbell—The attention of the
sporting fraternity in Philadelphia has been
attracted by the agitation of the \$1,000 stake
question in THE EVENING WORLD. Their
unanimous verdict is that a rule should be
enforced compelling a champion to fight for
that amount or forfeit the championship.
There are plenty of men who would like to
meet Sullivan or Kilrain, only they know it
would be impossible to raise the \$1,000
stake which these grand Moguls of the ring
demand.

William Coupe—A stake of \$1,000 is suffi-
cient if a man really wants to fight. As the
matter stands now, if a champion doesn't want
to fight he simply puts his stake way out of
of sight. Some rule should be devised to
prevent this unfairness.

It has often been asked why it is that Sul-
livan and Kilrain, though both brought up in
the same town—Natick, Mass.—never hap-
pened to spar together there. The reason is that
Sullivan was educated as a pugilist, while
Kilrain in his youth was an oarsman. While
Sullivan was going about boxing, Kilrain
was mastering the science of the oar, and
within eighteen months from the time he first
took an oar into his hand, he won the amate-
ur championship of America. In 1880 he
was victorious over fifty competitors on the
Passaic River for the amateur championship.
Lee, who was then an amateur, was among
them. He was in the habit of sparring
with the champion, and the club he added
a member. He became an expert with the
gloves as with the oars and sparred in public
several times. Rival scullers then barred
him from the water, and he was obliged to
leave the club. He was a professional boxer.
At a sparring exhibition he knocked out Charley
Mitchell in a very few rounds. He had the
entirety of the now defunct Club in Boston,
where he used to spar. The Govern-
ment presented him with a private pas-
say so he could come and go as he pleased.

The late bare-knuckle prize-fight between
Patrick Molloy and James Kelly, welter
weights, was a fierce one from start to finish.
Thirty-two bloody rounds were fought.
Kelly was finally knocked out by a vicious
swinging left-hand upper-cut.

The regular run of the Allerton Athletic
Club occurs to-morrow. The start will be
from Bender's Hotel, Ridgewood, L. I.

Billy Clancy challenges Madden for the
middle-weight championship through the
Globe, and offers to fight the latter for
fun if he can raise the money. Clancy
seems anxious for a fight, and offers to go
anywhere that Madden may designate.

As a boy in Natick, Sullivan was remark-
able for his good nature. At the age of six-

teen he was a general butt for the foolery of
the young men of the place. They would
meet him on the street, ask, "Well, John,
how goes it to-day?" give him a punch in the
ribs and pass on. Sullivan would grin and
punch back. Next, the young men got him
to spar. At first they had lots of fun knock-
ing the overgrown, gawky youngster about.
Soon, however, John developed such skill
that he turned the tables and demolished
unmercifully all who stood before him. A
manager got hold of him and took him on a
sparring tour with a combination. And from
this day he was evolved the great John L.
who whipped Paddy Ryan. Whether he is
still the great John L. will be decided July
8—if the fight is not declared off before that
date.

Richard K. Fox telegraphed to L. R. Fuld,
President of the California Athletic Club,
asking what purse he would offer for Johnny
Reagan to fight young Mitchell developed, Fox
said there was no chance for a match between
Reagan and Dempsey.

Kilrain arrived in Liverpool at noon yester-
day, and is now off on his junketing tour
with Charley Mitchell et al.

A. W. Cooke has telegraphed to Richard
K. Fox that he is willing to accept him as
stake-holder. Also that "Al" Smith would be
perfectly satisfied as referee, as would
Matty Corbett. He said Capt. Conroy de-
clined to referee, and that McAlister refuses
to fight for a \$2,000 stake and \$1,500 purse.

Louis J. Beck, the New York Illustrated
Aves champion human pin-cushion, is going
to England to give exhibitions of his pin-
cushionary powers. Archie Sinclair, the
great-English manager and pedestrian, will
after the pin-cushion while on his travels.

Ted Pritchard, of Lambeth, England, the
alleged greatest middle-weight wonder, who
intends coming over to try conclusions with
his own middle-weights, is described as a
very likely lad. He will not be twenty years
old till next July. He stands 5 feet 3 inches.
His body is said to be beautifully developed,
and his shoulders particularly powerful.

In a spirit of bravado and to show their
contempt for public opinion the swells have
organized a "club" for the purpose
of killing rabbits with dogs. The doughty
"hunters" have dubbed themselves the
Eastern Conspiring Club. They are going to
bring an anise-seed bag into use?

This is the way the famous Newport "fox"
hunters do. The death throes of a good
healthy anise-seed bag are not nearly so
heartrending as those of a rabbit.

Campbell and Wright, the intercollegiate
tennis players, recently won the American
tropical championship—whatever that may
be—at St. Augustine, Fla.

The recent country run of the Union
Athletic Club was a brilliant success. Eight
miles were covered in fifty-seven minutes.
Twenty-five members participated.

The Brighton Athletic Club will hold a
tournament April 2 at Schiell's Assembly
Rooms, Brooklyn. It is open to amateurs
only.

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BARNUM'S PARADE.

Street Procession of "The Greatest
Show on Earth."

"Evening World" Wagons Join in the
Big Pageant.

A Splendid Evening and a Splendid Ex-
hibition That Charmed the Town.

Was the Murphy Legion belated? Was
the Silver Dollar Smith Association coming
down Broadway a remnant of the last cam-
paign? Had some great political procession

been split in twain by the horse-cars in the
very middle of the exciting campaign last Fall,
and was it now just getting home?

Three thousand torches twinkling down
Broadway! Red lights and green lights and
gray lights—even white lights, turned the
darkness of the night into a sort of rainbow
day. A hundred banners waved. A score of
bands made the night air melodious with
twenty different airs at once.

No, it was not a mere political procession,
but something of far greater significance. It
was the greatest show on earth, and it was
making its magnificent progress through the
streets of the imperial city of the country.

Not the politician but the elephant was go-
ing round. It was not the enthusiastic party
men but the animals that were the attraction.

As a man shuts his eyes before he looks at
Niagara Falls, as an amateur stops his ears
before listening to the wild and weird inspi-
ration of Wagner—let us pause for a moment
to take breath before regarding this marvellous
and overwhelming procession. For a mo-
ment's rest let us fall into a chair in the sec-
ond-story front of the Metropolitan Hotel.

A few minutes ago, Mr. Barnum, whose head is
crowned with the snows of eighty winters,
and in whose face shines the genial humor of
eighty pleasant summers, and who is as
active as any crowned head in Europe.

In that mid-March night dream of a circus
which is coming down Broadway, there isn't
a single animal which does not come from
a part of the world that has been or will be
whether the Congo or the Tigris, Timbuctoo
or Van Diemen's Land. As he talks with the
talented young gentlemen from the press he
grows young by a rapidly descending scale.

He is eighty, he looks fifty, he talks like
forty and he jests as blithely as a rollicking
young man of twenty-five. He is not only
acquainted with all the wonderful animals of
the world, but he has known all the interest-
ing men.

His autobiography is regarded as one of the
best examples of American humor. Punch
with wisdom rather than with wit, once pro-
posed that he should come over and rule
England. He is more wonderful than his
show.

There is only one Barnum, and Col. Theo-
dore Hamilton is his prophet!
The procession is coming!

All New York is on the sidewalks in the
mid night air, as if it had never seen an
elephant. The crowd is so dense that an
elephant can scarcely make its way without
stepping on somebody every minute or two.
Two hundred thousand people are abroad.

To describe the procession would take a
word painter or a Turner who had devoted his
life to painting chariots, and then eight mil-
lion drum corps of boys in Zouave suits.
Then rode fifty six knights on the finest cir-
cus palfreys. After the knights came a gor-
geous golden chariot which fairly dazzled
our eyes. It had a globe on top, and con-
tinent and islands scattered or sprinkled
over its surface. On top of the globe stood
a representative of Mr. Barnum, like an
entertaining showman who had found
a strange new world.

Then came a dozen open cages of lions and
tigers and panthers and wolves and leopards
and hyenas, with a Daniel in each of them.
The lions shook their manes and roared so
you could hear them at the Battery. The
tigers hunted up and down their cage as if
they were looking for a keeper. The leopards
and hyenas were all looking for a keeper.
The cages were all looking for a keeper.

Next came a royal military band, riding in
state on top of an eight-horse chariot, and
sincerely envied by every little newsboy on
the sidewalk.

After it pranced and cavorted five wild
Arabians, and then came a camel, a dromedary,
and a hippopotamus. The camel was in the
desert in search of unsophisticated caravans
that had lost their way or gone to sleep.

Next rode twelve of the leading ladies of
the circus on horseback, and then eight mil-
lion jockeys and twelve gentlemen jockeys, and
six old Romans, who clung to the old Roman
custom of riding two horses at once while
standing up on their feet.

They were followed by two Romans in
Roman chariots, such as Julius Caesar used to
take afternoon drives in along the Appian
Way to the Campagna of his time. Each
chariot was drawn by four horses, two teams
abreast.

Then the ears of the watching thousands
drummed in the melody of more bands, and
everybody's eyes were dazzled by more gor-
geous golden chariots.

Forty wild Arab—At least, reasonably wild
Arab—with old-fashioned Arab gowns and
you see in the geography, and gleaming

scimitars, rode along on forty wild Arab
horses. The horses were barbs, but the
Arabs were not barbers. They were dressed
in their native costume—a blanket and red
boots.

As they galloped down Broadway in a long
straggling line, with their guns twinkling and
their sinners gleaming they looked like a
band of Bedouins on a forage, and it seemed
that they might loot the circus when they
got back and carry off the camels!

The camels are coming! said Col.
Magnin Ives. And surely enough twenty-
six of them were drifting down Broadway
like ships of the desert that had become
waterlogged. Twenty-six unhappy mortals
were riding on top of them as ballast for 50
cents an hour.

They looked as if they wished the camels
were in some very hot region—like the Sa-
hara, for instance.

A delegation of Japanese rode on a dragon
chariot, drawn by four camels.

Admiral Dot, who is about as large as a
period, and Col. Nicholas, who is not much
bigger than a senile old man, rode by on two
ponies without as big as horridities.

The great caravan moved on as if the end
of it was somewhere up in Tarrytown and it
came on home.

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